

# THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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## THE GENIUS OF CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

PRIZE ESSAY, BY C. C. VINTON, '80, OF N. J.

"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ," the feeble, homely frame of her whose words had thrilled the nations, was laid to its last repose. No pompous ceremonial travestied sincerity of grief. No arched cathedral held the honored of a capital; no sounding organ pealed her requiem. In a village church the solemn words were spoken, and a village folk humbly mourned. Many times since then the glorious purple heather has mantled the moor about her home, and many times since then the wild March blasts have moaned above her grave; but her name is not yet forgotten in the earth. Men name it still sometimes with reverence; and when the roll of mighty dead is called, it figures there with those of others whose words have stirred the deep feelings of mankind.

Round the life and passions of its author clings the deepest interest of a novel, and many chapters of Charlotte Bronte's life are tossed in the eddying currents of her tales. Times there are

in every life when anguish fills the mind, when "the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still" seem all there was in life to strive for, and without them the world is blank, when remorse or chagrin weighs on the heart like lead. This, to most men, comes seldom. But such was the mood of Miss Brontë's whole life. There were great trials in it when the sky became blacker, but it was always dark and dim; though occasionally a gleam of sunshine shone through a rift in the clouds, there was never a glorious dawning, and only the twilight wore a roseate hue. Her existence was spent in sadness. The eight and thirty years she lived on earth were days of toil and nights of suffering. Bravely she endured, patiently labored, and in her labors her sorrowed heart is known.

While those six quiet children lived in Haworth parsonage, none saw among them a mind so large that it might understand the ways of half a nation. They were but puny creatures, thought singular by the villagers, and left to themselves at home. Six vacancies, one by one created, left Charlotte and the father alone; and each loss made a mourning, and each missing face a blank, that joined with the sombre air of the graveyard to fill the house with gloom. To the secluded survivors grief was not lessened by time, and pain and sickness increased the feeling. So, round the life of the authoress only sad influences were thrown, that fostered her sensitive and retiring nature, and taught her to shun the boisterous world. When she became the eldest sister, the anxieties of a mother's duties crushed her too feeble energies; and from that time the weary life-toil began—the patient, uncomplaining endurance, the earnest, determined labor, that was ended only in her grave.

Thus, unchildlike, her early years were passed, overhung always by a cloud of sorrow, fed with strong meat, and burdened with womanly cares. Sadness was the unvarying tenor of each day's course, broken but now and then by some mockery of enjoyment, softened only by the presence of those she loved. But all the while her mind was forming; gathering knowledge

of men and ways; observing closely every occurrence within her little sphere, and pondering deeply what it signified. It was the melancholy of her natural temperament, with the more than usual thoughtfulness it brought, that prepared her to paint so truthfully the sadness of other hearts. It is the mournful tone of the earnest passages of her works—it is the sad earnestness of so many sentences, that impresses on men and women in life the feeling that what she describes is true; that there is no falsity in the characters she has constructed. Because her own sorrow was deep and lasting, she knew how to express like sorrow in others: because there was a sad current underlying the course of her own life, the style of her writing became prevaillingly earnest and sad. Many novelists have depicted in accurate types the hypocrite, the deceiver, the impure-hearted: this Charlotte Brontë could not do; hers was not the versatile genius that understood and could delineate whatever came to view. She clearly discerned only what was true and noble in mankind; she knew the weariness of life, and of these she told.

Yet there is nothing morbid in her style. The tone is everywhere earnest and serious—sometimes touchingly pathetic; but the feeling is never exaggerated, never carried too far. Whatever there is of melancholy bears the stamp of genuineness. A misanthrope she could not conceive. Her life was a continual struggle to repress too great sadness of heart and to appear cheerful and happy. How well she succeeded her books testify.

Closely allied to her simple earnestness was the rich power of imagery her quiet mind possessed. It was the soul of a prose-poet, the domain of genius in its highest form. The earth and sky, the trees and rocks and flowers, the flight of birds and course of brooks, the snow and rain and wind and lightning, the undulation of meadow and moor, the crags and many strange forms in nature, suggested other things, and led to comparison, and then were formed into sentences wondrous for wealth of thought and speech. To her mind the vernal beauties of nature and the stately proportions of heaven blended to form an ever-

changing world of inner consciousness that yet was saddened by her life's influence, and wrought from out itself earnest prayer-poems and richly suggestive descriptions. It was the simplest and the weirdest that drew forth her highest powers. Her mind seized first on what was odd or grand or sad, and with masterful ability built thereon a structure of symmetry and grace. Forms grotesque and fanciful appeared in the tumbling clouds, and the driving storm, and the ruddy glow of a fire-lit room, and the changeful flow of a dashing stream; in the waving shades of the forest-tops, and the alternate pall and glitter of a chill night sky—forms not such as every one sees there, but shapes that called forth her fertile memory and led her to reflect on themes deep-rooted in the hearts of men. Upreaching leafless limbs against a winter sky, the doleful heaving of the storm-tossed wind, the night-dome, with its myriad twinkling stars and moon, queen regnant of the hour—each was for her a present force that impelled her to utter many thoughts of highest ways and things.

The sky, in especial, would seem to have been her constant study. From shifting clouds and the stately-striding moon and the birds that circled beneath them, her most frequent similes are drawn. The powers of the firmament are made guardians over the lives and destinies of her heroines; by some presage there, each turn in their fortunes is marked, and often the rising moon or the clearing shower is sent as a heavenly messenger. We find Jane Eyre, too, when a wanderer in the land, rejoicing in the glad freedom of the storm; and to Lucy Snowe's burdened heart the conflict seen around in things inanimate is the soothing element that restrains her from self-destruction. In this Miss Brontë appears, herself and undisguised. She it was who saw in nature's contending the type of many things beside, in life and death. When the wild storm raged, and blasts blew furious, and lightning flashed and thunder rolled, then her untamed natural spirit was aroused, and the telling words of some unmetred lyric marked the hour.

But to minds that neither earnest pathos nor powerful imagination can charm, there is a still enduring merit in the carefulness of her delineation. Every man and woman she has drawn is strictly true to life. Few are exaggerated, and those I believe not intentionally. The quiet country girl who shunned the attentions of would-be friends and rarely conversed in society, was observing all the time the ways and words of men, judging them with keen accuracy, carrying away from an evening's interview more knowledge of them than they themselves possessed. By thinking on each one she gained the moving influence of a life—the germ from which a character had sprung. Then, selecting such as she saw were suitable, she built upon the germ foundation a man of living truth, each act and each word natural, possessing the individuality of him whose copy she had taken.

Her characters are not very varied; they are only such as have come within the range of her own limited acquaintance. A Madame Beck, a Lucy Snowe, a Paul Emanuel, a Graham Bretton, a Fairfax Rochester, a St. John Rivers, a trio of country curates—these are no extraordinary personages; they are types of common people such as we meet every day; there are no peculiar freaks of phantasy in their conception, but all are like originals Miss Brontë knew. In child-painting, her own thoughtful unchildishness fitted her to excel. And here she has but one rival in all English literature; him whose childhood was sad and burdened like hers—the great-hearted Dickens. Paulina is an ethereal child, but there is something tenderly, naturally beautiful about her that reminds us strikingly of little Nell and of Oliver. In the earnestness of her child-feeling and the vivid recollection she has of little things long past, Miss Brontë's own sensitiveness is revealed. There is something in the trusting innocence of children that ensures the tenderest interest of every heart. Had she never traced through varying fortunes an outcast girl; had she never chronicled the love of a French professor or an English lord, Charlotte Brontë would

yet stand, by right of those first three chapters of "*Villette*," in the foremost rank of prose-fictionists.

By one, than whom none has better right to judge, she is deified, with Mrs. Browning and the authoress of "*Wuthering Heights*," as the trinity of English female writers of fiction. Whatever may be the merits of her sister-goddesses, her title at least is unimpeachable. There is none other so admired by all who have read her works. In them is the record of her own life-history, and from careful study of them her final biography must be composed.

Over the grave where her dust lies hidden, the heather-bloom still is purple and green. Scent-laden zephyrs gently move it to and fro. The murk of twilight settles silently on the scene. As of yore the birds of northern evening carol farewell to fading day. Again, perhaps, her spirit, hand in hand with those others she loved on earth, comes to wander on the hillside and weave garlands of the flowers.

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### MOSES AND MAHOMET.

MACLEAN PRIZE ORATION, BY W. M. PADEN, '80, PA.

The genius of the Semitic race is religious. Its great men are but varied revelations of the prophecy, "God shall dwell in the tents of Shem." The spark of purer religion kindled in the souls of the early patriarchs has become a living flame in the breast of the Aryan. Yet, the land of Shem has been pre-eminently the nurse of prophets. Moses and Mahomet, the prophet and the false prophet, are but representative Semitic heroes.

One we know, at best, as a shrewd, sincere fanatic; the other as a heavenly messenger, who talked with God and saw His glory. They were equally men, "for a' that." The same wild blood was in their veins, while years of youth, full of solemn religious training; years of manhood, spent in the active life of court or caravan, and years of lonely waiting, rich in converse

with the soul, were but a natural introduction to their after-lives as hero-prophets.

Failure after failure was necessary to scourge them to success. The eloquent enthusiast, who would not depart from his purpose, "though they should array the sun against him on his right hand, and the moon on his left," must compromise all his purest aims before he can rule the war-loving and sensual chieftains of the desert. The chivalrous knight of Pharaoh's court, who so terribly avenges the stripes of his fainting kinsman, and, in his flight from justice, fights so gallantly with the fierce Bedouins at the fountain, for the honor of Jethro's daughters, needs much communion with his God to fit him for his grander mission. Mahomet must descend to meet his people; Moses must ascend to meet his God.

At length, at the age when men look back, rather than forward, their lives are flooded with opportunities. Mahomet, by a bold stroke of "masterly genius," takes the tide at its flood, with the creed and the war-cry, "There is no God but Allah, and Mahomet is his prophet." He buoys this creed by promises of plunder here, and all the pleasures of an Oriental heaven hereafter. War, lust and religion—the clash of the sword, the roar of the wild beast, and the battle-cry of the fanatic are harmonized in the now conquering march of Islam. From this time forward the overmastering valor of Cromwell's warriors, marching to meet their foes with exultant hallelujahs, pales before the reckless bravery of the fated Moslem, charging with his wild yell, "Amit! Amit! Death! Death! To victory or Paradise!"

Moses, in his day of success, also becomes a mighty leader—not of two millions of veteran soldiers, not even of two millions of undisciplined freemen, but of two thousand thousand freedmen, with the marks of the scourge upon their backs, and the marks of the slave in their hearts. The maddened mourners of Egypt wedge this trembling host together at the sea, but we hear no panic-striking words from the hero at the shore. Above the din of

the storm, the clatter of the hostile chariots, and the ominous mutterings of the frightened mob, clear and dauntless rang forth the order, "Speak to my people, that they go forward!" In a few troubled hours a race of emancipated serfs were singing songs of triumphant thanksgiving, at the birth of a great nation. As Mahomet, the fugitive, completed his Hegira, with the triumph of a conquering hero, well might the fiery Boreida furl to the favoring breeze of Medina his turban, as a banner, on his spear-point. But how much grander was the triumph of Miriam, the little watcher by the Nile, as she led the joyous anthem:—

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sen,  
Jehovah has triumphed! His people are free!"

Success soon showed which was the firm old mountain, and which the storm-center for the restless winds. Mahomet, with his mighty strength and weakness, is seized by the spirit of his age, and, though the center of the storm, must be the creature of his followers. Moses, though clouds sometimes obscure his great, rude character, stands forth, at last, through all, as noble and commanding as the consecrated mount on which he met Jehovah.

Their lives are beacon-lights for all ages, revealing at once the friendly haven and the dangerous rocks. The Arab, using all means to accomplish his ends, was a veritable conqueror. Love for his people had no more place in his heart than love of mankind in his conception of God. The Hebrew was a patriot. Rejected by his countrymen, he lived to be their liberator and greatest benefactor, and when the red right arm of Heaven would have destroyed rebellious Israel, and raised of him a greater nation, "Blot me, I pray Thee, out of Thy Book, but spare my people," was his prayer. Even in his wildest moods he has the virtues of a knight of the age of chivalry. Mahomet, at his worst, is the cunning, pitiless and vengeful assassin of the East.

As a reformer, Moses is radical only in essentials. The



minutiae are left to time. Jethro's Arab wisdom, Egyptian remembrances, his own sturdy sense and God's revelation seem wrapped together to make a cord to bind the straying Hebrews. The outer strands were made to be renewed and strengthened. The golden thread from heaven, alone, was everlasting. Mahomet was also a reformer, but in his narrowness he left his work as changeless as the lava-rock. From Caliph Omar to the present Sultan, polygamy and warrior-missionaries have been as inevitable concomitants of Islam as the unity of God. Like Egypt's river, his reform must live through all eras and races, without tributary or growth. Moses left us a living germ; Mahomet, a petrification, which cannot be changed without destroying it.

As a lawgiver, Mahomet lost sight of justice and mercy, in an overweening desire to propagate his creed. The merciful suras of the persecuted prophet were abrogated by the stern bulletins of the victorious warrior. Concubinage was countenanced, war—"the natural occupation of the Arab"—consecrated, while despotism and slavery were made co-existent with the sway of the Koran.

The laws of Moses, from Sinai to Pisgah, were just and humane. From "the golden circlet, which began in love to God and was clasped and completed by the love of man," to the special legislation, which cared for the kid and the callow nestling, the spirit of his laws is the same. Slavery was alleviated by right of redress and years of jubilee. Aggressive war, outside of the land which the Jews were sent, like an earthquake, to scourge, was disobedience, not duty; while principles of liberty were established which the world has scarcely learned in thirty centuries.

The grandest picture in the hero's life is his transfer of his mission into other hands, and final separation from sympathizing followers, to encounter below his last antagonist—Death.

Mahomet, worn out and unsatisfied, surrounded by wrangling aspirants for his power, checked by his followers from complet-

ing the Koran by a farewell sura, dies with his head in the lap of Ayesha, the pride of his harem, and is buried on the spot of his passionate revels.

How different the closing scenes of Moses' life. With the wisdom of age and the vigor of youth, the kind old chief emphasizes the work of his life on the threshold of the grave, and serenely transfers his power into the hands of the valiant Joshua. Called by his Father to the solitude of the lofty mountain, his enraptured eyes behold the land of calvary. With prophetic gaze he sees, instead of the tiny shoot he cared for in the wilderness, the mighty Tree of Life, and "his soul leaped up in joy and went with the kiss of God to Paradise." "No man knoweth his sepulcher to this day."

"But had he not high honors,  
The hillside for his pall—  
To lie in state while angels wait,  
With stars for tapers tall?  
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,  
Over his bier to wave,  
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,  
To lay him in the grave?"

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### CHRISTIANA.

The dark, gray clouds drift o'er her head,  
And floating mists her path surround;  
The way is cold, and dark and dread,  
For ne'er a light is found.

Her life seems only a passing breath,  
A feather on the tempest borne,  
Only a living to live for death;  
A leaf in God's great storm.

Hither and thither carried and tossed,  
Without a strong, safe place of rest;  
Crushed and torn by the cruel thrust  
Of those her soul had blessed.

But list! An angel seems to speak,  
And gently soothes her dull despair—  
"O! tried and tempted one, so weak,  
Hear thou the words I bear."

"A man shall be as a covert strong;  
As a mighty stream 'mid desert sand;  
From winds a shield; a shadow deep  
Of a rock in a weary land."

The angel visitant has fled,  
But in her heart his words remain;  
Though clouds still hover o'er her head,  
She now can bear the pain.

For God hath spoken to her soul,  
He bids her trust; now is she strong;  
Yea, strong to strive for that bright goal,  
E'en tho' the strife be long.

His mighty wings do cover her,  
His cool, deep shade is over her,  
His blessed will shall govern her,  
And she may rest secure.

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### EIGHTEEN HOURS IN THE BERNESE OBER- LAND.

A lovely August evening finds us seated on the deck of the little lake steamer which plies between Interlaken and Brienz. On the right hand and on the left the mountains rise directly from the lake shore, and slope off, away up, up, until, amid the twilight shadows, their topmost peaks are lost in the fleecy clouds. Behind us is an opening in the mountain barrier, where lies Interlaken, "the Margate of Switzerland." In the distance before us is the only other break, where the Aar, with the valley of Hasli, pierces the lofty wall.

The silence, unbroken save by the puff, puff of our little steamer, the gathering darkness, and the absence of the numerous chalets which mark the shores of the sister lake of Thun, all conspire to make the scene one of gloomy grandeur. Won-

drously in keeping with our present mood are such surroundings. For the day has been spent in the Vale of Lauterbrunnen, that art gallery in which are displayed the masterpieces of the great Master-artist, and our soul is filled with a joyous awe, with thoughts too deep for words, finding expression only in silence.

We are awakened from our reveries by a sudden bustle on the deck, accompanied by evident preparations for landing. A glance around shows us that we have reached the Giessbach, that far-famed waterfall, where we intend passing the night. We join the hurrying throng, the steamer shoots off again into the darkness, and we find ourself on the landing, surrounded by a crowd of howling porters and drivers. Picking out the least demonstrative one, we surrender our baggage to his tender mercies, and, preferring to walk, soon find ourself making our way up the mountain side by a steep, zig-zag road, shut in on both sides by a thick growth of trees. We soon leave the carriages in the rear, and now the only sound we hear is the rustling of the wind through the leaves, and the loud music of the yet unseen waterfall. A few minutes' rapid climbing brings us to the Giessbach Hotel, which looks almost like a magician's palace, as an unexpected turn in the road reveals it standing out from among the forest trees. We immediately betake ourself to our room, telegraphed for in advance, and proceed to make ourself comfortable, while waiting for the great event of the evening—the illumination of the falls. These are in full sight from the yard of the hotel, where, before long, all the guests gather, gazing expectantly off in the direction whence, through the darkness, comes the roar of the waterfall. Suddenly an involuntary exclamation of surprise bursts from every spectator, as Bengal lights of every conceivable color blaze out along the whole length of the falls, producing an effect indescribably beautiful.

The waters rush out of the gloom with an angry roar, as if impelled by a superhuman force, dash swiftly through the many-

colored light, and finally plunge off again into the impenetrable darkness. All the time a misty veil of spray, tinted with rainbow hues, hangs over the foaming torrent, while dimly, on the other side, we see the sturdy forest trees transformed by the weird light into huge giants with outstretched arms. We stand spellbound, till, with a fitful flicker, the last light goes out; then slowly and silently return to our room for the night, to dream now of beauteous fairies dancing to the ripple of running streams, now of awful ogres reaching out their hands to grasp us.

The next morning the sun's first rays call us from our bed. Dressing hastily we despatched our breakfast in true American style, after which performance we are ready to continue our journey toward Lucerne. On our way down to the landing we stop to take a last look at the waterfall. We are now better able to appreciate the extreme beauty of its situation, as it dashes down the mountain side, hurries past the huge boulders and lofty trees which line its path, and finally loses itself in the lake below.

Descending with the rest of the departing guests we very soon reach the steamboat landing. Many new beauties has daylight added to the scene, for we can now make out quite a number of little chalets nestling among the trees on the mountain side, beyond the lake, while off to the southwest we can just descry the topmost peak of the Jungfrau glistening in the bright sunlight.

In a few moments the little steamer, on its morning trip, comes in sight, and we are very soon on board, speeding along toward the eastern extremity of the lake. At this point is situated the town of Brienz, whence we are to take the diligence across the Brunig pass, for Lucerne. Here the boat deposits its load. Now occurs one of those unaccountable delays to which continental tourists become so accustomed. No one knows what we are waiting for, and we can only bide our time in patience, while the Swiss officials bustle around, doing a great deal of writing and still more talking. We have just about made up

our mind to try it on foot, when it is announced that all is ready. The whole crowd marches out of the waiting-room, and after an indefinite amount of additional talk, we are at length packed away in the two diligences and six carriages, which are provided for the large party. We are fortunate enough to be assigned to the front seat of the nicest carriage of the lot.

For a while we proceed at a lively pace through the valley of Hasli, along the northern bank of the Aar. Then leaving the river, we begin to climb the slope, at first very gradual, which leads up to the Brunig pass. Ere long the lake of Brienz becomes small in the distance, while, as we ascend, our range of vision grows wider. Above us the mountain still towers, and away below lies the valley of Hasli, with the Aar, looking like a silver ribbon, as its waters glance in the sunlight, running through its centre. On the other side lies another range, rising almost perpendicularly from the valley. A heavy growth of pine covers the whole, though here and there slight breaks may be seen, where a somewhat less precipitous spot has been cleared and cultivated. From where we are we can count no less than four waterfalls—two of them of quite considerable size—rushing down into the valley from the other side. Beyond this nearer range we can see the higher peaks of the central Alps, marked by their snowy dress.

As we make our way up the steep road, we get out of the carriage, now and then, and “foot it” awhile, both to rest the horses and to relieve our cramped limbs. The forenoon is now far advanced and the heat has become intense, making the occasional shade of overhanging trees very welcome indeed. A little before noon we reach a sort of half-way house, where we wait a few moments to give both passengers and horses an opportunity to rest and refresh themselves. We are now very near the summit. Already the road is becoming much less steep, and we proceed at a rapid trot, reaching the pass within a few minutes after twelve. As we enter the pass we take one last backward

look, then bid adieu to the Bernese Oberland, with all its attractions, only to be introduced in a few moments to new beauties, as we approach Lucerne and the Northern Cantons.

Y. R.

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"MUTE, INGLORIOUS MILTONS."

The *Elegy* of Thomas Gray may well be a favorite with many a reader of poetic thought. No one has mused so sadly and so truly upon the end inevitable to human greatness. No one has touched so feelingly upon the peaceful serenity of rural life and people. As, with exquisite beauty, he tells of those who lie sleeping around him, we almost envy them the happy rest of that quiet churchyard. Once only in the revery have we a conscious sense of dissatisfaction. That feature of contrast which alone renders the scenes of country life so pleasing and picturesque, is momentarily dropped, as he falls into a meditation upon what might have been. He sees the subjects of his revery developing under other phases of life, and ascending thus to power and greatness. In his musing, half with sadness, he fancies,

"Some mute, inglorious Milton here may dwell;  
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood."

We believe the poet was then untruthful in his fancy. By contrast alone can the beauty of such life-scenery be represented. Mythology, with its fauns and satyrs as happy denizens of the peaceful woods, pleases us by opposing to them the idea of griffins and centaurs, as savage roamers of the wilderness. But to conceive of the faun as translated into the nature and position of the griffin, would be so unnatural as to tend to burlesque. Yet such is the conception of Gray, when he tells us of the "mute, inglorious Miltons" sleeping in that country churchyard.

The mistake of the poet is daily repeated among men. It is founded somewhat in a misunderstanding of man's own nature

and development. In fact the aphorism, "Man is what he is," seems to be forgotten, while it is half believed that what he might have been is blended with the character of what he happens to be. Hence do we realize the wisdom of Dr. Holmes in exclaiming, "How many people live upon the reputation of the reputation they might have made." We deny the existence of "mute, inglorious Miltons." The possibilities of the child totally evaporate in the days of youth, unless at that time called out into action. Had the entrance of Shakespeare into London been ten years later in life, it is doubtful whether England would have had its great poet at all. The hour of development, when the dramatic faculty was ready to act under the wondrous combination of circumstances connected with that moment, would have passed; the name of Shakespeare probably would now be in oblivion.

The human soul is a complicated web of ideas, memories, feelings, beliefs, and the like. Each thread added to the woof effectually modifies the design of the web. No thread once set in can be taken out or re-arranged. Thus, though the web be one, the design is ceaselessly changing; at one time it is beautiful, at another time ungainly. It cannot then be asked with justice that we be pleased with the design, whatever be its character. Yet often is it expected that we shall give sympathy and esteem, even love, to one who is unworthy of such feelings, out of regard to what he might have been. Such an expectation is unreasonable. Shall we look with gratification upon a misshapen oak, in thinking of the way it was so changed in its growth? We can pity an ill-developed creature, but we cannot yield to him affection and esteem. He who is not worthy of esteem for what he actually is, cannot be worthy of esteem for what he might have been. Even suffering, intense though it be, cannot of itself excite within us such emotions. Only when a King Lear becomes lovable *through* suffering, do we love him.

It is a sad fact connected with these "mute, inglorious Miltons," that what might have been can never be. We cannot go back



to add or to modify any link in the chain of life. The continuity of the chain is absolute and unchangeable. It is useless to think of past possibilities. Only the links of the future can be the objects of consideration. The character has been given to the chain; however complicated it may become, it must continue in some kind of harmony with its beginning.

We acknowledge among children a possibility of the existence of mute, inglorious Miltons, though we deny it among men. We do not mean, however, to imply such a possibility in every child. That chain of life to which we have alluded, is connected in some way to an eternity of the past. By that past one end of it is held; through that past it receives certain immutable traits. Often we find a seed, as it peeps out of the ground, meeting a stone in its headway, and trailing its growth upon the ground forever. So a child, with the capacity of reaching the Miltonic height, comes upon a stone in his pathway, and is turned by it out of his course. Yet, we repeat, he cannot retrace his steps so as to regain the original track. We meet children with faces actually seraphic with beauty and intelligence; yet frequently such children become very ordinary men and women. He who finds much delight in beholding one of Raphael's cherubs, would wisely not seek such a cherub developed. The development might be very commonplace.

It is a poetic dream that the souls of children unable to grow into manhood upon earth, shall attain that manhood elsewhere. Such a fancy is held by Longfellow. He had lost a child by death. As he thinks of her, he exclaims, with tenderness:

"Not as a child shall we again behold her;  
For when with raptures wild  
In our embraces we again enfold her,  
She will not be a child;

"But a fair maiden in her Father's mansion,  
Clothed with celestial grace;  
Beautiful with all the soul's expansion  
Shall we behold her face."

It is a pleasing dream ; yet, unhappily, the analogy of nature does not sustain it. That "soul's expansion" must be of a kind such as we cannot understand. Each thing in nature has its own end to work out, at its own time and in its own way, upon the growing soul. At no other time and by no other means can *its* end be effected. The child created to develop upon earth, cannot attain to what *we* recognize as human development elsewhere. Hence, it may be that they judge unwisely who believe it to be well to die young. The fact, then, that leads us to deny the existence of "mute, inglorious Miltons," is to be found in the nature of things. The relation in which we stand to the events of life reveals it to us. It is expressed through its results upon ourselves in one saying—"Not an eternity itself can enable us to be what we might have been!"

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### THE LAKE HERMIT.

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Some six-score years ago, when the North country was less known than now, and few, save soldiers and red men, ventured there, on an island in Lake George dwelt a solitary being. Nature in her most perfect grandeur rose around. Jagged mountain-peaks saw, thousands of feet below, the placid water, and paid their tribute of rivulets to its increase. The villas that now mar the simplicity of the mountain-slopes were then unborn, and trees and rocks were the only shelter for living things. Huge eagles often rose from their eyries above and flew with strong wings far away, their loud cries the while startling the small beasts of the wood till they crouched and trembled in fear. The steamers that daily glide among the clustered isles were stately trees then upon the mountain-side, and metal in far-off mines. The water of the lake was clear and pure as now, revealing strange fish-forms to those that gazed below.

The island whereon Randolph Kyland had taken up his abode

was the largest of a group near the southern end of the lake. It may have contained two dozen acres, but its surface was mostly engrossed by a knoll that rose, rock-bound and scraggy, covered with stunted larch and fir. Shoreward, where the hill declined more gradually, extended some rods, and, curling, enclosed a cove, he had built his hut of logs, and stopped the cracks with tangled grass, and disposed the rocks for a rude landing. Here, moored to a tree, he kept his boats, made by his own hand from timber hewn on the mountain. In this wild place he spent his days, loving no company but that of nature, seeing no man from week to week; when the officers from the forts came near, retiring to his tree-hidden domicile.

Yet he was not alone: there was ever companionship in the sublimity around. The huge, bulged mountains, in sunshine and storm the same; the liquid carpet that enclosed his isle and was bounded on every side by nature's green; the sky-roof, gilded at morning and evening, painted oftentimes in changing tints, on clear nights jewelled with heaven's pearls—these took from him all thought of solitude. Winter clothed each element in her own garb—the lake in ice, the hills in snow, the sky in a dull-gray cloud. In summer, when the moonbeams illumined the valley, the hermit would sit through the solemn hours on a rock at the top of his knoll, and gaze at the glorious scene, and listen to the owls in the wood and the waves that lapped the rocks.

Ten years he had lived thus, without speaking as many times to one in human form. It was an April night—not calm and moonlit, but dark and stormy. All day the rain had fallen from unseen space, and only at evening, when the gloom thickened to darkness, had the clouds seemed to break. Then Randolph Kyland left the hut where the storm had kept him imprisoned, and casting loose his boat rowed far up the lake. The solitary grandeur of the scene was in happy consonance to his continual mood. His aspect, uncouth and rough, was like the unchiselled forms of the forest trees. He loved the dark-

ness, for it accorded with the temper of his life. The moonbeams pleased him, for their influence was sad; but the moon was muffled now. He had rowed some hours, leaving his island miles behind, and reaching a broader portion of the lake. The wind had risen, the clouds were rifted, and through the breaks the moon at times shone full. Her position told the hour—midnight. Approaching the shore, he rested in the deep shade of the overhanging trees. Noiselessly the boat drifted beneath swaying birches and scudding clouds. Far above, on the mountain, two whip-poor-wills called, and echo, blending their notes, brought down one prolonged, clear whistle. The surface of the lake was roughened by the increased breeze, and the wavelets gurgled and plashed on the rock-lined shore. The moon-gleams, caught by the wave-tips, flashed flickering now and anon. As cloud followed rift, successively the opposite peaks were outlined clear, or dimmed in shade. It rejoiced the hermit of the lake so to sit, heeding not the rising wind, nor the drifting and rocking of his craft, so to gaze on nature in this grandest, wildest of her haunts, at this solitary season, to surprise her mood, and tended by her, to remain motionless regarding.

The whip-poor-wills had grown silent, and the wind blew but fitfully. The plashing waves rose and fell, and the moonlight played on their summits. A cloud intercepted the light, a dense, dark cloud, a mantle to all the sky. A voice came forth from the darkness, where the centre of the lake was hid, a woman's rich voice, faltering over the waters, in the soft, low tone of a foreign tongue. It was far away, but the sound came clear, and the mournful accents grew and waned, and the breeze was hushed to hear. The cloud sailed past, the moon shone out, and the scene was as before. Gliding stately down the lake rode a phantom bark, wherein a white-robed figure stood; no rower was visible, some spirit-force carried it on. As it neared the hermit the sound increased, rich, full and loud, rising and falling with the weird, demon song. Slowly and with measured movement the bark came on, while Kyland sat motionless.

When it had passed he put forth from the shore and followed in its wake. Two hours the sweet voice led him on, till they neared his rock-crowned island. Then he quickened his speed to overtake the spirit-singer, but the song grew louder and the notes more sad and wild, and the bark, still gliding stately, rose to be enveloped by a hovering, sable cloud.

Three months had passed, and a July sun, shining from an unstained sky, heated even the cool lake air. Randolph Kyland had rowed in the morning a score of miles up the lake. At noon he had drawn his boat to land, and watched the changes of the mountain shadows till the sun that caused them sank to rest. But through the gloaming he saw dark clouds rise, and thunder intoned round distant peaks. With a vivid flash the storm burst on the lake, and the white, forked lightning and rolling thunder roused for an hour admiring awe in the hermit's soul. At last, one dazzling flash felled a tall pine on the hillside, and through the succeeding blackness a peal as of heavenly cannon reverberated here and again, while the mountain echoes made it crash in every vale and round every island till the sound expired on the distant breeze. Perfect silence prevailed; the rain fell no more. Out of the ebon darkness sweet strains of music came. The voice that before had charmed him sang the same sad, wailing song, and floated, dirge-like, nearer and by. As a lightning-flash from the retreating tempest showed the white form, he saw a finger beckoning, and, putting forth from the shore, pressed hard in pursuit. But the bark glided, silently, swifter, and its distance was ever the same. Once more they swept down the lake, in solemn, stately procession; once more the hour of midnight was come. Now a black cloud rose swiftly from the horizon, shrouding in darkness the long lake-valley. First the spirit-form was hidden, but Kyland advanced, unheeding, into the sable realm. Then he, too, entered the blackness, and, like a thing of sense, it seemed to hold him, while the oars slipped from his nerveless fingers, and he felt himself no more a man. So, when the cloud moved off again,

and, at midnight, the knoll of his island loomed to view, the spirit-boats, still gliding, and the rich, sad-measured song, rose slowly over the placid lake and sailed away in the clouds. And still, on storm-wild nights, two phantom barks are seen gliding, and the solemn, sweet, sad music is heard, rising and falling, till all is lost in the clouds.

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## VOICES.

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WHEN the games for the class championship were instituted, two years ago, they proved a grand success. The attendance at all was large, and the interest almost as universal as in a Harvard or Yale game. The College in general became well acquainted with the merits and defects of the individual players; the men were ambitious, and made every effort for the sake of class honor and personal reputation; the captain saw every man at his best, and was aided in his choice by frequent suggestions from spectators and from the College press. Moreover, interest continued throughout the winter to attach to those who were in training, and they were thereby encouraged to persevere.

What a contrast is presented by the series recently abandoned! The attendance has been meagre, and the stand generally cleared by the one o'clock bell of those who did come; the playing has been in many cases apathetic, and the captain has had scarcely time to make a first estimate of new players, much less to observe their peculiarities. We fail to see how the fact that the Senior Class was certain to take the championship need interfere with the competition of the other three classes for second place, or why poor playing on the part of some need prevent the remainder from doing their best. It is a feeling of discouragement that has so often told against Princeton on the diamond, and this manifestation of the same spirit in the first practice games betides ill, it seems to us, for next year's "weak points."

What means of estimating the worth of his team the captain may possess, independently of their work in these games, an observer is, of course, unable to determine; and all the College repose the utmost confidence in the sagacity and prudence of Mr. Horton. At the same time there cannot but exist a feeling with some, that base-ball interest is not so great at present as it should be, either in the College in general or among the prospective members of the nine. Severe and long-continued labor is necessary to the record we all hope to make in the inter-collegiate contest next year. Let us not fail then for want of determination now.

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AS WE left the chapel in the Sabbath twilight of October 5th, it was the current remark among the diverging squads, how thoroughly practical an address Dr. Sears had delivered to us. And so we went to tea, and returned to our rooms, and mentally shelved the matter along with other memories of bygone things.

A solid foundation for extensive learning hereafter to be acquired—to how many is this the purpose in coming to College? How many have any end in view higher than the mere desire to take their stand as early as possible in the ranks of money-getters? Education means to us literally the drawing forth what is within us and applying it to the every-day needs of life; not the creating of a broad foundation on which a symmetrical structure is to be reared from the material we draw forth from the world of learning and experience. Before we know the difference between a science and an art, we have chosen our profession, and throughout the course our energies are directed to whatever pertains to it. One intends to be a lawyer, and applies himself sedulously to Latin and logic, to Woolsey and Buckle, while his mother-tongue is perhaps wholly neglected. A second aspires to be known as M. D., spends his Saturdays botanizing, and devotes himself to chemistry and physics, to the detriment of his other studies. Another is to gain a position on the staff of some city newspaper, and applies his mind to history,

French, political economy, and the indiscriminate taking of short-hand notes: while the nascent Seminole rummages the theological alcove and "polls" for the Potts Bible prize. The idea of each is to store his mind with the facts which recognizedly belong to his specialty; not to master a system of principles, every one of which shall cast the light of a broad culture on whatever he undertakes.

But there are many of us, who come here, not caring for eminence in the matter of class standing, having, however, the intent to prepare themselves thoroughly for the work of life. It is matter of surprise, on reflection, that so few of this class have any just idea what thorough preparation means. To them the faithful study of the lesson assigned, with careful note-taking, and a small amount of collateral reading, fulfills the whole meaning of a "liberal education." They do not recognize that their chief need is to be made to think for themselves; they have no conception of studying for a profession, beyond merely learning by rote the principles on which it is directly founded. Hence it is that they esteem the leisure of Junior and Senior years lost, if not devoted to the anticipation of their professional training.

It is, as Dr. Sears intimated, only when we realize how little we know, in comparison with other civilized nations, that we can begin to advance toward true learning. It is the hope of your contributor that, in accordance with the views often expressed by our respected President, Princeton may be foremost in the march toward the goal of deep-rooted and universal culture in America; but how can this be accomplished unless there prevail among the students themselves a higher conception of the ideal scholar?

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WE HAVE little to say in favor of the new departure, which makes it the duty of good hall men to electioneer. The old articles of agreement between the societies surely did not suppress electioneering entirely, but the experience of the last fort-



night shows unmistakably that they prevented it as a rule. Before the treaty was broken a man now and then may have been "electioneered," now every new man *must* pass through the ordeal. Then a few members of either hall may have stooped to the despicable business of canvassing, now all *must* enter into the glorious work with spirit, or be considered shabby supporters of hall.

Our treaty was not perfect, and may not have been executed as squarely as we could wish. The best law, however, cannot cover all cases, nor can its most conscientious execution insure a thorough carrying out of all its provisions. Yet we claim that the wording of our treaty was such that no man could directly or indirectly electioneer under it, with a clear conscience. Furthermore we claim that those willing to electioneer, in spite of their oaths, were in different instances convicted by the societies and punished severely. Thus honorable and dishonorable were restrained—the one by respect for his oath, the other by fear of punishment.

We speak advisedly when we say stoop to electioneer. The secrecy which should veil our societies should hinder the uninitiated from legitimately knowing more of their workings and advantages than may be gained from the *Bric-à-Brac* or College catalogue, in a few minutes. To electioneer, the members must either reveal hall secrets, make misrepresentations about the opposite hall, founded on half perceptions or willing misstatements of what its workings are, or must trump up arguments, which can only influence by blinding or misleading, and which will be found to be "taffy" when the new man once is within the sacred walls. All this we consider decidedly small business.

Again, the new system degrades the dignity, not only of the upper classmen, but the dignity of the halls. Is not the dignity of the societies sadly compromised when their best members are seen "button-holing," "boot-licking," and generally beflattering unknown Freshmen, with no recommendation but a name, which may be added to the rolls of the lucky society? Surely

it is. The wiser and more desirable class of students will scorn, alike, toadying and buncombe arguments, while the acquisition of those who *may* be influenced by such contemptible agencies is no honor to any organization.

Lastly, we would again call attention to the clannish ill feeling which, in times of excitement, must result from this so-called revival of hall spirit. Mean men of both halls will do mean things to get members, and the halls will be held accountable for their actions. There is danger, in that case, that society men will look upon their classmen as Whigs, Clios or neither, and clique accordingly. That classes may be divided into factions, and that the result, on the whole, may be a lessening of that general good feeling which has prevailed, irrespective of hall relations, between our students.

H—N.

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A WRITER in a recent *Princetonian* laments, with evident sincerity, the abrogation of the treaty between the halls. It appears that the moral atmosphere of the College of New Jersey was, till that ill-fated Saturday noon, in a state of unwonted serenity. Class feeling had entirely disappeared—yet, strange to tell, the Freshman, though unbazed, manifested a lamb-like disposition and deportment which could not excite the ire of the haughtiest Senior. Cliques were entirely unknown, and o'er the campus was diffused a wondrous influence of happiness and love.

On a sudden, like a thunder-clap from a clear sky, the action of the halls broke across the peaceful expanse of our College life. In the course of that one brief afternoon the social structure of the College was overturned—friendships of years' standing were dissolved, and the Freshmen became so intolerably cheeky as to make life here, in future, scarcely worth living.

While, for some reasons, the dissolution of the treaty is to be regretted, we hardly think that facts will bear out the exaggerated complaints of *The Princetonian*. The friendships which the hall dissensions have impaired would indeed be numerous if they

outnumbered those broken or injured under the old compact. Under its provisions there were brought up for trial every year two or three alleged electioneerers, and an investigation followed, which prolonged its weary length, in one case for several months, always for a considerable time; abounding in recriminations and mutual insult, and ending generally in the conviction of a couple of scape-goats, while the really guilty parties went free. And the worst of all was, that after all the trouble and strife which this system produced it never accomplished its object: the electioneering went on just as vigorously, and much more meanly, than it does at present. As for the increased importance of the Freshmen, that complaint, like the farmer's growl over his bad crops, is perennial, but we fail to see any especial justice in it this year. The excitement which *The Princetonian* deploras has long since died away. Its substantial result has been the reception of over one hundred new members into hall, against about sixty at this time last year, and twenty-three the year before. Our literary societies should hesitate long before they allow the old torpor to reassert its influence.

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A YEAR AGO the cheapest board to be obtained in College cost \$3.50 per week. Now at least seventy-five students board in clubs, ranging in price from \$2.25 to \$3.25, while prices have been lowered more or less at all the boarding-houses.

Doubtless this is due partly to the cheapening of provisions and fall of rents, but we think it is chiefly owing to the organization of co-operative clubs, as was advocated in the May LIT. It was only necessary for an enterprising man to run such a club satisfactorily and cheaply, to show the students that the co-operative plan was no impracticable theory. This was done. The club first started now has over thirty members, while others since organized have more than as many additional. These clubs all tend to reduce prices, by keeping each other, as well as the boarding-houses, which must compete with them, at the

bottom figures. If they are kept under skilled and economical management, we may feel confident that hereafter the price of boarding will be kept within reasonable limits. In the meantime we can wait for some practical friend to build us a dining hall such as Memorial Hall at Harvard, where all can board in good style, at wholesale rates, and be free from all care of management.

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OUR winter evening amusements are a matter to which too little attention is commonly paid, until the dullness of the evenings themselves forces it upon us. Then, usually, there is no time for organizing a series of entertainments equally acceptable to the hypercritical taste of a College community, and within the reach of our not too freely-opened purses. Since the disbandment of the once-flourishing lecture association, it has been nobody's business to attend to such things, and we have consequently been favored only with such lectures and concerts as happened, by other means, to come before the Princeton public. Now, our Professor of English Literature must have met with difficulty in the discharge of his duties, from the fact that the students in general were not well acquainted with the works of the great dramatist. At the same time many, no doubt, would be glad to learn more of them, and that in some pleasanter way than by private reading. We propose, therefore, that our new Professor of Elocution should be invited to give, on successive nights of the second term, a series of Shakespearean readings. Prof. Raymond, we understand, has made a life-study of Shakespeare, and would doubtless be pleased to comply with such a request if properly made. We hope the project will be carried out.

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NO LONGER doth the gay and festive student, upon athletic sports intent, pass through private yards on his way to the ball-grounds. He has suddenly become very fond of walking, and much prefers to go all the way around, by Nassau street, even

though it does take him longer. The secret of this pedestrian zeal is that a terrible ogress, armed with a broom and pail of water, Cerberus-like, guards the way, and refuses admittance.

That we are no longer allowed to trespass on private grounds is not surprising. It is only strange that we have been permitted to do it so long. One thing, however, is certain—that it is a nuisance to be forced to go around by the main street, and we desire just room enough in the VOICES to ask whether there is no way out of this difficulty. Can't the College authorities bring enough pressure to bear upon the borough to have the street extended through to the ball-grounds? Or, if this is impossible, could not sufficient land be bought to cut a foot-path through? The foot-ball matches are near at hand, and, besides, the team is practising on the grounds every day, and if there is to be any audience, which is important, care should be taken that no hindrances are placed in the way of those wishing to attend the games.

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IT HAS often been a subject of comment and complaint that, in former years, aspirants for the McLean prize were compelled to hand in their speeches, for criticism, to Dr. Murray, who, as Professor of English Literature, is always one of the judges in the final contest. We have often thought it an unfortunate provision that one of the Professors should be a judge at all. A fellow sometimes imagines that this judge is "down on him," and that he, on that account, did not "have a fair show;" he, perhaps, does not stand high—or, at least, not in the Professor's department—and he accounts in this way for not getting the prize. Now, we do not say that any such motives could influence the Professor. Far from it. But why not remove any cause for such feelings by having outside judges? But we suppose this provision cannot be altered now, and that we must put up with it; though, if it must remain so, it ought to be as free from objection as possible, and we were gratified to hear that, in

the last contest, Dr. Murray declined to be both critic and judge, and resigned the latter office to Prof. Hunt. This is as it should be. A man does not like to leave anything in his speech which he knows to be disagreeable to one of his judges; and, on the other hand, hesitates to offend one of such experience by not adopting his suggestions.

By the former plan, the Doctor put himself in the way of many unpleasant remarks, which never could be made if the excellent plan for last year be followed in the future, which we sincerely hope will be the case.

THORNDICKE.

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## EDITORIAL.

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WITH our return to College duties the manifold improvements in buildings, the addition of new and able men to the faculty, and the increased facilities offered in all departments, cannot induce other than pleasant anticipations of the future of our Alma Mater. Albeit regarding it as our privilege and prerogative to express the student opinion on the subject of needed reforms, and our occasional disapproval of the acts of the higher powers, we nevertheless confess to a considerable degree of honest pride in being able to heartily testify to the excellent advantages here afforded. Passing over the first half of the course which, as in all American Colleges, is largely disciplinary and fundamental, we remark in the curriculum of the last two years a favorable nucleus for the development of the University, which will doubtless have sprung up less than a hundred years hence. Many object that a College education, aside from its general and liberal culture of the mind, is of little or no value as a real and practical preparation for the work of the professions. No one who, having a profession in view, has gone through our course, selecting carefully all the avenues that lead

to it, would be inclined to urge such an objection. The increasing intricacies of modern law render a thorough knowledge of the principles of Logic, Political Science and Ethics, invaluable to the legislator and the jurist, and yet so far the part of a liberal education as not to subject the course containing them to the criticism of being narrow and special. In like manner those of our graduates who enter medical colleges, anticipate in our own chemical laboratory so large a part of their first year's work, as to give them a decided advantage over their less fortunate professional brethren. Moreover, to those who are attracted toward the domain of Science or Philosophy in general, by the vast scope of the field in which so many of the greatest minds of the age are absorbed, there are, in our midst, opportunities unsurpassed for laying the foundation of a useful, and mayhap, brilliant career in the world of mind or matter. In short, the rapid progress of the past ten years, and the manifest bearing of different departments upon a professional course, point toward the time when men may pursue the study of law and medicine under the same system of instruction whose value they have, after four years' experience, learned to appreciate.

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WE OURSELVES were so abundantly satisfied with the performance of our crew last June, that we came back expecting to find everyone else of a like opinion. We have discovered, however, that there are not a few who think that it has been finally and satisfactorily proved that boating, as far as we are concerned, is a failure; and, in the hope of doing something to overcome this sentiment, we wish to say a few words about the matter.

We must remember the overwhelming disadvantages under which our crew labored. The men who finally took part in the race had never rowed together, as a whole, until within a week previous, and, therefore, could scarcely be expected to do their level best; the captain and stroke-oar, one of our strongest men, was in such a condition that he really ought not to have

rowed at all, and, practically, did not row after the first half of the course; and, moreover, there was delay in the arrival of the new boat, and a sort of perversity in all things which was thoroughly discouraging. When we take into consideration all these drawbacks—the second, especially, a very serious one—and remember that, after all, our crew was not badly beaten, we think we have the very best reason for being “abundantly satisfied with its performance.” If this had not come as the culmination of a series of defeats, no one would have thought of such a thing as being discouraged, and we certainly ought not to allow previous ill success to influence us in the least in our estimate of this last boat race. Let us rather acknowledge that our men did bravely; give them all the encouragement they need, both by words and in a more practical way, and look forward hopefully to another year’s race. We are heartily opposed to anything like boasting before the battle, yet we feel sure we may, without fear of contradiction, say that both Columbia and the University of Pennsylvania will have to make some surprisingly fast time if they are to give Princeton the third place again.

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THE BEGINNING of another year brings prominently before us once more the question of “printed notes.” That their use is on the increase is beyond a doubt. Indeed, we might almost say that the disease has become epidemic, for it has spread to the Seminoles, and has “taken” to a remarkable extent. In view of these facts, the question again arises as to whether or not this “*new regime*” is for the best interests of the students. We unhesitatingly reply in the affirmative, and we have not come to this conclusion without a careful consideration of the pros and cons. The fact is that in some departments it is a physical impossibility to take satisfactory notes, unless in short-hand. For, under one or two of our Professors especially, every word is essential to the proper comprehension of the whole sub-



ject, and to lose a single phrase is to lose utterly the thread of the argument. Though a man be never so quick, he finds that by the time he has written down the last sentence he has heard, the Professor will have gone on to another point, of which he comprehends just enough to totally confuse him. If, on the contrary, he has the printed lectures, he can listen to and grasp the argument in the class-room, and then go home to study and learn it from an accurately prepared set of notes.

That there may be objections we cannot deny, but we certainly are unable to see them. At any rate, whatever may be the evils connected with this system, we feel confident that it is better far than the old plan of paying fabulous prices for the inaccurate notes of previous students, or of sponging on those classmates who have been more successful in their efforts in the lecture-room. We may be mistaken, but looking at the matter from the student's standpoint, it would seem more advisable for the Professors to see that the printed notes were reliable, than to indulge in a wholesale condemnation of this innovation, which has been introduced, not for the purpose of shirking reasonable labor, but for the sake of more satisfactory results in our studies.

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IN VIEW of the manifest advantage, and, to some, even necessity of cultivating the art of oratory, its neglect in most of the Colleges is certainly a matter of surprise and regret, especially to that large percentage of every class who contemplate law, and to whom a thorough oratorical training is simply invaluable. The advent of Prof. Raymond will accordingly be hailed with satisfaction, even by those who can be under his instruction only long enough to appreciate its value, without deriving its fullest benefits. He comes to us recommended as a fine elocutionist, and a very superior instructor in the matter of voice culture, so essential an element to the orator's success. The excellent record made at the Inter-collegiate by the Williams' men, goes far to confirm the wisdom of the choice made by the faculty. Never-

theless we trust that our confident expectations of the good results sure to follow if Prof. Raymond is afforded a clear field, will not be nipped in the bud by the allotment of so utterly insufficient a portion of time, as has been hitherto devoted to this branch. The fact that our course in practical elocution is looked upon as a mere farce, is largely due to the scanty amount of time allowed it. The oft-repeated argument that the Halls accomplish the ends it fails to meet, is scarcely valid. The Halls do not employ elocution teachers to criticise the performances of their members, and the practice obtained there is to supplement, not to replace, the College work. Justice to our newly elected teacher demands that a fair share of time be given him, in order that he may accomplish more than the spasmodic training of Junior and Chapel Stage orators.

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CRITICISM of any of the regulations of the "powers that be" is not a thing to be indulged in on every occasion; yet we think we may be pardoned for giving voice to the universal sentiment of the students with regard to the Senior-final grades. The present arrangement is that the standing for the last two sessions of Senior year shall not be made public, and shall simply be used in making out the average for the course. The grade for the second and third terms and for the final examinations must necessarily count very heavily in making out the four years' standing; and the consequence is, that without any reason that is known to the College public, men graduate higher than they have ever stood in their whole course, while others find themselves in depths hitherto unknown. Now we haven't, of course, the slightest doubt but that this is all done fairly and squarely; yet it must be acknowledged that to the student, who can know nothing of these final grades, the whole thing seems terribly mysterious, not to say unjust.

For our own part, we fail to see what evils could possibly arise from doing away with this air of mystery, and announcing,

as usual, the sessional grades, as well as those for the four years. Such a course would at least lead to a revivification of sub-Freshman mathematics, in an effort to verify the results arrived at by the Registrar. Hence we would most respectfully suggest that the matter receive immediate attention, and that, if practicable, some change be made.

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WE SCARCELY think it necessary to present to the members of the Freshman Class the usual arguments in behalf of the College periodicals. It is the duty of every man to support them, both by subscription and contribution, instead of standing aloof muttering a lot of hereditary nonsense about school-boy essays, dry editorials, and the like. Criticism is very well in its place, but encouragement and assistance are in this case much better. College pride and patriotism should come to the rescue in the maintenance of these principal exponents of the literary talent of our institution.

We have, it is true, obtained a fair share of subscribers from '83, but our list is by no means proportionate to the size of the class. Out of one hundred and thirty men, surely more than thirty should take the *LIT.* and *Princetonian*. We hope, then, that all who intend to hand in their names will do so at once, in order that back numbers, of which there is a limited supply, may be sent them with our next issue.

A word to our subscribers on the subject of "paying up." We allow ample time to those who are really unable to pay at present, but subscribers not so situated will greatly oblige by interviewing our Treasurer, thereby saving him the inconvenience of hunting up their respective places of residence.

## OLLA-PODRIDA.

## DOINGS OF THE MONTH.

SEPTEMBER 8TH and 9TH—Entrance examinations.

SEPTEMBER 10TH—College opens.

SEPTEMBER 18TH—'80 elects Photograph Committee.....Preliminary cane spree—Sophs. win.

SEPTEMBER 19TH—Base-ball, '80 vs. '82—8 to 1.

SEPTEMBER 20TH—Whig Hall withdraws from the treaty, between the Literary Societies, concerning electioneering.

SEPTEMBER 22d—Base-ball, '81 vs. '83—9 to 0.

SEPTEMBER 23d—Base-ball, '81 vs. '82—12 to 3.

SEPTEMBER 24TH—Base-ball, '80 vs. '83—7 to 3.

SEPTEMBER 25TH—Base-ball, '80 vs. '81—11 to 1.

SEPTEMBER 26TH—Base-ball, '82 vs. '83—3 to 5.

SEPTEMBER 30TH—Annual cane spree between Sophs. and Freshmen.

OCTOBER 3d—Mass-meeting of the College to select officers of the Base-ball Association.

OCTOBER 4TH—Foot-ball Convention at Springfield.....East and West vs. Reunion and Witherspoon at foot-ball.

OCTOBER 10TH—Freshman crew puts in a first appearance.

OCTOBER 11TH—University Foot-ball Team defeats '82 by two goals and two touch downs to nothing.

HON. JOHN S. HAGER, '37, in town recently.

REV. F. K. DALRYMPLE, '67, married at La Crosse, Wis., on September 1st, 1879; Rev. J. R. Hughes, '67, assisting in the ceremony. Informant, ex-Tutor Walter H. Frame, '72.

HARRY S. JOHNSON, son of Gen. R. W. Johnson, and Mr. Charles L. Spencer, left last week for Otter Creek, Montana, where they will join Mr. Philip Gibson, of Minneapolis, and engage in the business of raising sheep, and will undoubtedly soon make fortunes. Mr. Gibson has been located there for a year, and has a ranch all fitted up with good buildings, so they will not suffer the usual hardships of new settlers. They have a piano in their resi-

dence, and will give weekly hops, to which they, through "At Home," invite the St. Paul young ladies.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press*.

EWING, '78, steers for a Texas cattle ranch this month.

SHERWOOD, '79, teaching in Stevens Collegiate Institute, Newton, N. J.

"Hi" WOODS, '79, late Treasurer of the Lit., is mashing Baltimore girls, and spending his spare time in a medical course at Johns Hopkins University.

GALBREATH, INGRAM and CUTTS, Senior Photograph Committee. Pach has been chosen photographer, and is erecting a studio near the depot.

THE CLASS CHAMPIONSHIP again falls to '80, the other classes having withdrawn without completing their series. The Freshmen brought out an unusually strong nine, and defeated the Sophomores by a score of 5 to 3. Taking the actual games played, the classes stand in the following order: Seniors, 1st; Juniors, 2d; Freshmen, 3d; Sophomores, 4th.

DOES anyone know whether the Senior who writes the name of a celebrated Egyptian thusly, "Pot-ti-for," intends trying for the Bible prize?

SIXTH I. C. L. A. contest will come off November 20th.

POLITICAL Science and History are the favorite electives with the Seniors; Modern Languages and Latin with the Juniors.

THE UNIVERSITY TEAM is as follows, subject to change: *Forwards*—Bryan, '80; Loney, '81; Peace, '83; Ballard, (Captain,) '80; Devereux, '80; Brotherlin, '80; McDermont, '81; Bradford, '81. *Quarterback*—McAlpin, '81. *Halfbacks*—Horton, '80; McNair, '79; Farr, '81. *Backs*—Caldwell, '81; Cutts, '80; Duncan, '80.

The team is working hard and well. The first game will be with University of Pennsylvania, October 18th. Matches have also been arranged with Rutgers, October 25th; with Columbia, November 1st. There will also be a game on November 8th. Judging from present appearances, we have no doubt we shall retain our position as champions, but steady and earnest work is necessary in these games preliminary to the great struggle with Harvard and Yale. Encouragement, too, is needed; and the inspiration of a large audience will aid much in fortifying the team against "rattling." As these games are all in Princeton, and on Saturday, no excuse can be given for a poor attendance. Let every one be present, and that too with lungs in good order.

EAST AND WEST defeated Reunion and Witherspoon at foot-ball, on Saturday, October 4th. The game was hotly contested, East and West finally winning by a score of one goal to one touch down.

THE OPTIONAL Anglo-Saxon Class numbers five.

A FRESHMAN inquires: "What is this phonetic spelling, anyway? Is it spelling through your nose?"

THE ANNUAL CANE SPREE took place Sept. 30th, on the Campus in the

rear of Reunion. There were less fights than usual, and less enthusiasm on the part of the on-lookers. Indeed, it seems to us that the cane spree is on the decline, and that it will ere long follow the "rush" into the silent nowhere. As far as known, there were this year forty-two fights, of which the Sophomores won twenty-six, and the Freshmen sixteen.

SENIORS IN ASTRONOMY recently had a peep at Jupiter and his moons, through the telescope at the Observatory.

A SEMINOLE thought to obtain Dr. McCosh's autograph by cutting it from a notice on the Seminary bulletin-board, and was somewhat disgusted, when informed by a friend that he had been imposed upon by a spurious signature from the pen of a fellow-student.

A MASS MEETING of the College was held in the old Philadelphian Rooms, Friday, October 3d, at noon. Mr. Horton, being called to the Chair, stated the object of the meeting, viz., the election of President and Treasurer of the Base-ball Association. Mr. Lee moved that the Constitution be so amended as to provide for the election of a President from the Senior Class, a Treasurer from the Junior, and a Secretary from the Sophomore; these, together with the Captain, to constitute a Board of Directors for the management and control of the University Nine. *Lost* by a decided majority.

Messrs. Ballard and Cutts were then put in nomination for President, the former being elected. Messrs. Pitney and Jackson were nominated for Treasurer, Pitney being elected. Mr. Cutts made a short statement of the financial condition of the Association, showing it to be slightly in debt. To remove the debt, and leave a small balance for the opening of another year, Mr. Cutts moved that the College tax itself twenty-five cents *per capita*. *Carried*. Moved by Dunning and carried, that the Chairman appoint a committee of three graduates and three under-graduates to draw up a new Constitution for the Base-ball Association.

THE MUSE of the Museum singeth a new song. List to the music of the rhythm, O, ye students, and be amused!

#### RAMBLES IN THE WOODS OF NATURE.

One Summer morn, as nature seemed to sleep,  
I to the woods of nature did repair,  
To hear the robins sending forth their music  
As it floated gently on the silent air.

From early in the morn 'til evening dawneth,  
The music from their throats doth gently run;  
In the woods of nature, praising their Creator,  
Sing they sweetly to the setting sun.

\* \* \* \* \*

In those woods of nature, which were grandly dressed  
 In robes of gold, and purple; and of blue,  
 The tender leaves upon the tree tops were unfolded,  
 And nourished by the morning's pearly dew.

\* \* \* \* \*

As I turned me from this scene of awful grandeur,  
 A maiden's voice did sweetly greet my ear.  
 Saying, "Kind, sir, have you seen my own true lover,  
 For this morning he was to have met me here?"

By the music of her voice, I stood enchanted,  
 And to her query made I no reply;  
 For as nature's goddess stood she in her splendor,  
 With her stately form before my gazing eye.

She says, "Young man, be not too much discouraged,  
 For no stranger am I, but I am your dear;  
 But little thought I in these woods of nature,  
 So early in the morn to meet you here."

By the hand I took her, as we walked together,  
 And the time of our engagement now is near;  
 Yes, the time appointed, well do I remember;  
 From to-morrow morning it is just a year.

W. J. BLACK.

AS THE Editor wrote it: A Spenser could give a poet's sympathy to a poetic nature; as the proof sheet had it: A Spenser could give a fool's sympathy to a frantic nature.

PROF. Y. "Mr. L., if I set a pendulum swinging in this vertical plane, how will I find it in half-an-hour?" Mr. L. "Stopped, sir."

MR. SCOTT, Curator of the Museum, starts on October 24th for Florida. He will remain during the winter and early spring. The object of his visit is to obtain specimens of the birds of that region. The West is already well represented by specimens obtained by the Expedition of '77, and the addition of a Southern collection to the Museum will greatly increase its value.

AT A MEETING of the Athletic Association, held on October 7th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Cutts, '80, President; Lee, '80, Vice-President; McAlpin, '81, Treasurer; Pitney, '81, Secretary; Scribner, '81, Larkin, '82, and Fleming, '83, Executive Committee. The Association will hold handicap games on October 29th. One prize will be given in each event.

FOOT-BALL CONVENTION.—The delegates met at Springfield, on Saturday, October 4th. Harvard was represented by Capt. Bacon and Mr. Hooper; Yale, by Capt. Camp and Mr. Warren; and Princeton by Capt. Ballard and

Mr. Loney. Amherst again applied for admission to the "Association," but was again refused. Yale brought up the old question of eleven men on a side, in a new form. She wished to make the team fifteen men, but advocated an enlargement of the grounds, now 160x330, to 200x400. This proposition was as promptly and strenuously opposed by Harvard and Princeton as the old one for fewer players. It is needless, therefore, to state that the grounds remain unchanged. The convention then proceeded to the arrangement of games and the revision of the rules. Many changes were effected; so many, indeed, that lack of space forbids their insertion. Games were arranged as follows: Princeton vs. Harvard, November 15th; Harvard vs. Yale, November 8th; Yale vs. Princeton, November 27th. Both games with us will be played at Hoboken. Yale and Harvard play at New Haven.

PRINCETON, September 11th, 1879.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to take unto Himself our classmate and brother, REUBEN LOWRIE; and

WHEREAS, In his death the Class of 1881 feel the loss of an honored and esteemed member; therefore,

*Resolved*, That we, his classmates, extend to his afflicted family our sincerest sympathy in this our common bereavement; and

*Resolved*, That the members of the class wear a badge of mourning for thirty days; and

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family, and inserted in the *Princeton Press*, *NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE* and *Princetonian*.

In behalf of the Class,

H. G. DUFFIELD,

JOHN L. KIRK,

J. O. H. PITNEY.

## COLLEGE GOSSIP.

LAST summer's College boat races were, for the most part, "surprise parties." In this category we must include even that much-talked-of regatta at Philadelphia, on June 24th. That the result was a surprise to the Pennsylvanians, is evident from their antics and remarks since that date. Their paper, the *University Magazine*, contained a graphic account of everything on that day and night and the next week or more. They are slowly recov-



ering; and, on the whole, seem to have had very good reason to be so glad. Nor need anyone doubt that Columbia and Princeton were surprised. Yet we don't mention this subject because it is very interesting to us, or because we thought it would be so to our subscribers; but chiefly that we might call attention to the conflict now raging over the following extract, taken from the *Acta* of September: "Although every one was certain that the Columbias would have won had the course been twenty-five yards longer, yet," &c. At this mild and modest expression of opinion, the *Ex.* editor of the *University Magazine* becomes "riled," and reels off at a most alarming rate; asks them "to prove it;" sits on them, and winds up with any quantity of good advice. At the present outlook the Pennsylvania man seems to have a slight lead. Whether he can hold it will be seen when the next *Acta* appears. But Columbia made up for her defeat at Philadelphia by her splendid race with Cornell and Wesleyan. Then she scored a best-on-record time. We will see that crew at Philadelphia next June.

There was also what the *Crimson* speaks of as "the so-called race with Yale." The "giants" were just one minute and forty-three seconds behind their puny antagonists. The time made was very poor, and the race was, if possible, less interesting than usual. We understand it has been decided to increase this Yale-Harvard course to four miles. This is very wrong, for it will only lengthen the procession, and perhaps the Yale crew may not be able to row that far in one afternoon.

GREAT interest is displayed in cricket this year. Several Colleges now have regular "Teams." The University of Pennsylvania beat Columbia by a score of 195 to 112. Racine, too, has taken it up, and every number of the *Mercury* reports two or three matches. There's no reason why this game ought not to be popular here. It seems to be very exciting, and it has been talked of; for we remember reading a most wonderful and soul-thrilling article in last year's *Princetonian* on this subject. Lack of space, and a firm conviction that most of our subscribers can recall the polished periods of that famous "Contribution," compel us to refrain from quoting it entire. Entire, we say, for "garbled extracts" could give no idea of its rhythmic beauty and persuasive power. Yet all this rhetoric failed to obtain a "Cricket Team." Nothing ever came of it. Indeed, there's a tradition that we used to have an organization to encourage this game; but to the best of our knowledge and belief, it exists only on one page of the *Bric-à-Brac*, and in the vivid imagination of a few Freshmen. However, as long as lawn-tennis, which seems to have been evolved from "nigger baby" or some kindred sport, holds sway, there's no use of bothering with cricket.

THE *Crimson* is afraid Ernst and Tyng will not play ball any more. At least, not until next summer, and perhaps not even then if Yale has a poor nine. Of course, there's lots of time between now and next summer; but it's just as well to be prepared for the same old performance. Rumor says that "the veterans" have graduated—with honors, we hope. Poor fellows, last

year was a hard one. As usual, they beat Yale; but then, you know, Brown laid them out so prettily, and even Princeton did all she could to make things lively for them. The only trouble in B. B. at present seems to be to decide who has the College championship. Both Brown and Yale claim it on that remarkable percentage system, which seems to be a wonderful affair, and, in its present rather mixed condition, offers a grand field to amateur mathematicians whose imaginations have been cultivated at the expense of their love of truth. Brown has the only real claim. The class games at Lafayette began September 13th. Prizes are offered for "the best individual playing exhibited"—whatever that means.

SOMETHING ought to be done to the students of that well-known educational institution, "The University at Lewisburg." They're continually exciting the whole country. No sooner do we recover from hearing that they clean up their campus, than we are again shocked to discover that they have no organ in their chapel. Of course you couldn't exactly call this a crime; but it is a most woful state of affairs. And none recognize this truth more plainly than the young men of the aforesaid University. The fact is, they recognized it quite a while ago: held a mass meeting and decided "to invite the well-known Mendelssohns to visit their town (Lewisburg) and regale the æsthetic taste of its inhabitants with some classic music." The "Mendelssohns" came; but the "inhabitants" were rather backward in this respect, for though we are told "of a musical treat the like of which is seldom enjoyed;" of the "cadences of stately music sweeping through the Hall;" of an "audience pleased, completely enchanted," etc., yet a little further on we come upon the melancholy statement that the expenses of the concert were about eight dollars more than the receipts, and therefore they "haven't ordered the organ yet." We are greatly disappointed; but young men of Lewisburg, go on! We have faith in you. The eyes of all the Colleges are upon you. If those "inhabitants" don't like classic music, give 'em the other kind: make their lives miserable, and don't let up until you get the money for that organ. You might make a good start by warbling that ode to "Light" found in the last (May) number of your paper, the *Herald*. But if that don't bring 'em to time, we'll send you a few choice selections from our dear friend, "Niagara," the poet of the *Index*. By all means let us hear from you (by mail, enclosing stamp; or through the daily, often called the "ribald press.") Remember, we expect every man to do his duty.

It's not often that we hear of Seniors taking much interest in the class that has just graduated, but at Yale, we rejoice to see, they harbor no such ill-will. Listen to the gentle send-off the Yale *Record* gives '79: "With the close of this year one more class pass without the insane clutches of the faculty and its numerous attendants," &c. "No longer will the consequences of forty-eight marks make their nights, nights of torture, while the wary tutor, who has watched them as an eagle does her prey, is no longer a man of any importance to them." We sincerely hope this is not cribbed, but it must be; for it sounds so naughty, and so awfully like the *Berkleyan* or the *Athenæum*.

Whether it is original or not it demonstrates two things, viz., the view many students take of graduation, and the light in which they regard that peculiar body, a College Faculty.

THE *Dartmouth*, under the expressive title of "Chinning," gives the question of "electioneering Freshmen" a most thorough discussion. We give a few extracts: "The Freshman is overwhelmed with attention. Seniors talk patronizingly to him. Juniors are ready to do anything for him, and Sophomores are so brotherly as to awaken immediate suspicion." "He is introduced to every man: his rooms are filled with distinguished callers. He sees all the Societies, hears that each one is by far the best, has taken most prize money, etc." "He learns to believe that figures will lie, and wonders how the seeming contradictions can be explained," and finally "pledges how he hardly knows." You see, then, what an infernal nuisance and disgrace this "electioneering" soon becomes. *Dartmouth's* case seems similar to our own, and we would advise the *Halls* to patch up some sort of an agreement or treaty, so that the upper-classmen, at least, need not be expected to boot-lick the Freshmen; for if the present state of things continues, every Freshman will soon have an exalted idea of his own importance, and many of us will long for the good old days when the nocturnal Sophomore made his official visit.

IF AN assembly of College students and especially of College editors was asked, "What is the most famous seat of learning in this country?" we have no doubt that the only, immediate and unanimous answer would be: "Our Lady of Angels, the home of the *Index*." Yet we venture to assert that few persons have any more than a vague idea of the whereabouts of this favored spot. Even we were ignorant, until, after an exhaustive search, we were rewarded by finding, upon the last page of the *Index*, the following admirable description, couched, as you perceive, in the chastely elegant language which their *Ex.* editor has long been accustomed to use in his intercourse with the outside world. We give it "*punctuatum et litteratim*." "It" (this S. O. L. A.) "was chartered by an Act of the Legislature on the 20th of April, 1863, with power to confer degrees, elevated on the New York bank of the Niagara River, two miles north of suspension Bridge, it stands on the most situated point of "Mont-Eagle Ridge." Its cupola rises four hundred and thirty-five feet above water level, affording, southward, a view of Niagara Falls, River Rapids, Whirlpool; and, northward, of the charming scenery of the sublimely picturesque banks of the famous Niagara, which empties into Lake Ontario, whose bosom dotted with sail is plainly visible even from recreation grounds." Their *Ex.* editor undoubtedly wrote that, and we hereby tender our thanks. We are sorry we can offer no more substantial reward. He has saved us a world of trouble and lifted quite a weight from our minds. Our predecessors used to sneer and gibe at him: may they be forgiven. We are his debtors. He can demand any favor of us. He can even hit our little brother, the *Princetonian*, and we will keep silent.

## EXCHANGES.

THE WILLIAMS *Athenæum* has of late been but indifferently successful in its literary department. "The Vicar of Wakefield" is chiefly valuable for its quotations. The rest of the article is spent in giving us a plot of the story. Would it not be well enough for the *Athenæum* to take it for granted that its readers have an elementary knowledge of literature? "The Puritan Character" is better. There are some ringing passages in it, but the following isn't one of them: "New light, imperfectly received, but implicitly obeyed, explains in whatever conflicting relations all distinctively Puritan traits. God-like sufferance, heroic effort, stiffness and strictness alike settle into harmonious adjustment in relation to their master-motion, obedience to received light." As a College newspaper the *Athenæum* ranks high.

THE September number of the *Hamilton Lit.* is well sustained in every department. The articles are rather long, but are of a much better character than "The Fancibi," of June. "The Romance of Lord Beaconsfield's Character," hasn't a dull paragraph in it. "The American Teacher and his Training" is free from pedagogic cant, but lacks unity. "The Higher Law in Ancient and Modern Literature" has some generalizations in it which will hardly bear sifting. There is much, however, that is solid and thoughtful, while the whole is suggestive. The reviews and notices are the best and most extensive we have seen in any College magazine.

WE find the oft-reiterated call for contributions in the *Harvard Advocate*. It will suit Princeton under-grads equally well. We quote: "In a few months a board of editors will be chosen. There is no difficulty in finding men who would like to be College journalists; it is no easy matter to select those who can interest the College public. We shall be glad to receive articles from any undergraduate, \* \* \* and though we may not print all we receive, yet whenever we find evidence of talent, we shall keep the writer in mind." The *Advocate* is not at all sanguine about their football team. We clip the following from an editorial: "Our material is scarcely so good as that of last year, and nothing short of the hardest kind of work can make it a first-class team."

THE *University Magazine* is full of athletics. Its "bosom swells with pride" over its past record. Speaking of its athletic associations, the *Magazine* says: "Besides the good which this association has done to a large body of the students in the way of physical improvement, I believe that it has done

more to spread abroad the fame of the University than most persons have any idea of. I remember," says the writer, "shocking one of our Professors by contending that it has done more in this way than even the new buildings in West Philadelphia." Faculties very often overlook this element of use in athletics, yet we think the University estimates the advertising value of its athletic contests a little high. "University spirit," is the cry. They want law students and medic's appointed on the *Magazine*. Don't be too fast, friend. We want to think twice before we sign articles of amalgamation with the "Seminole."

THE *Chronicle*, from Ann Arbor, is one of the best and most practical of our exchanges. It also is trying to generate University spirit. Thus it bewails "student illiberality:" "The literary student frequently speaks of his brother in the professional schools with contempt, and always with patronage. It cannot be denied that there are some grounds for this feeling. The requirements for admission to those schools are sadly deficient, and their graduates must, in some cases at least, be the laughing stock of intelligent people," etc. Yet this *Chronicle* pleads that their men should be "received into the number" and treated as College boys. It acknowledges that there are special difficulties in the way of persuading the allopath and homœopath to lie down together. That Medics, Law Students, Theologues and College boys lay aside professional spirit so far as to become one happy family, seems to us to be a rather Utopian scheme.

"AN EXPIRING ELEMENT" in the last *Yale Lit.*, is vigorous and well-written. The central idea, however, "that the exponent of the age is not the individualized enthusiast, but the cold, polished man of success," is especially indigenous to New England. Wordsworth and Clough, is the way the *Lit.* pairs off the English poets. If Clough had been compared with one of his size, perhaps it would not have been so interesting.

"But, my friends, you'll endanger the life of your client,  
By attempting to stretch him up into a giant."

"The De Forest Prize Oration" is of remarkable breadth and depth. It seems to close rather abruptly. "A Polish Legend" is short, complete and interesting—a gem of its kind.

THE Middlebury *Undergraduate* bids fair to be one of our most interesting exchanges. "The Origin and Development of the Color Sense" gives an interesting *resumé* of the arguments for and against the theory that "men were not originally endowed with the power to distinguish colors, but that this power was developed in them at a later period in their history." It is well worth reading. "Progress Universal" has triteness and originality in about equal proportions. If the *Undergraduate* would deal less in abstract themes, we think it would be even more readable.

THE manly and spirited tone of the initiatory number of the Lafayette

*Journal* promises well for '80. As a College newspaper, we will expect it to stand in the first rank.

THE Washington *Jeffersonian* has an enthusiastic and carefully written article on Watkins Glen. "The College News and Clippings" need expanding and enlivening. They have 155 students, counting Preps., and talk quite haughtily about "so-called larger Eastern Colleges."

IN the *Vassar Miscellany* for June, there is an essay on the "Puritan Characteristics of Hawthorne's Intellect," which is much above the ordinary College essay in strength and beauty. The commencement number has a plucky debate on the comparative merits of the North and South. The affirmative has the more able, the negative the more rhetorical speech. The one awakens our admiration. The other arouses our sympathies. We think the audience would decide in favor of the latter; a board of judges in favor of the former.

THE *Berkleyan* has nothing in it even moderately good, excepting the class poem, which was written by a lady, now out of College. We glanced over the miscellany, with its "illimitability," "ungessed-at mysteries," "possibilities and potentialities," etc., and voted it incomprehensible, until we came to the paragraph, "We think, and believe that it is the general sentiment of the College, that however excellent the matter contained within its pages, the *Berkleyan* has but imperfectly discharged the functions of a College magazine." This, dear *Berkleyan*, is sense. We understand you perfectly, now. No reasons are needed, but we see you must give reasons: "The articles were almost wholly treatises suited only for publication in an *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly Review*"!!! You don't want such stuff. Oh! no. You must have "matter which will be the chief influence to that incessant mental activity, enveloped in which the potencies of unorganized human souls are enrolled." The editors seem to be of a sanguine disposition. "We hope," they say, "our *next*, (the italics are ours) through the co-operation of the students, will be both varied, readable, and sound." We wish we could hope so, but we feel very despondent about the *Berkleyan's* future. It surely must expect to drag out an aimless existence, for "It aims neither to immortalize some special institution by the power and force of its arguments, nor to overwhelm another by the force of its invective. And yet it has," it says, "a commendable excuse for its existence." We don't wish to push the *Berkleyan*, but we would like to have proof of the last proposition. We anxiously wait for news from "beyond the sage-land of the great basin, where the sage hen maketh her nest."